What Daughter Finds in New York as a College Town

By Margaret Searle,

Vassar '21: Now 'Post-graduating' at Columbia.

(With interpolations by the Editor.)

"Mother, may I go to Columbia?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter.
But settle down on Morningside,
And stay there, like you oughter."

SO mother sends us forth from the little gray home in the West, with a letter from the minister to the pastor of a Madison avenue Presbyterian church who used to attend the same theological university he did, and with sundry other things, such as the napkin ring that had our initials engraved upon it when we were one month old, and some pretty patterns for our embroideries.

And we come to New York and become college girls, and settle down on Morningside.

(Perhaps the Editor had better interpolate here. There has been so much said, pro and con, about college girls lately, and the goodness and badness of New York as a college town, the Editor thought it might be well to go to the fountain head for authentic information—to the college girl herself, who assuredly would be best fitted to dispose of the question for all time. Certainly there must be something different about New York as a college town from other college cities. Just what that difference is none could be better equipped to reveal than the college girl who had had experience not only of New York but other college centers as well. Hence Miss Searle, who first explored the environs of Vassar and then descended upon Columbia after, as she puts it, a restless interim at the little gray home in the West. Miss Searle continues:)

But once having arrived in New York to be a college girl, does daughter obey dear mother's orders?

She does not.

She has her own ideas upon the subject of her duties in the world's largest college town. She duly presents the letter of Presbyterian credit to the Madison avenue pastor, because she knows if she didn't there would be disturbing letters from home; but even while she listens to the pastor's friendly advice to do as mother said, "stay on Morningside," she determines that her winter in the city shall be broadening. Surely a college girl should take advantage of every opportunity to be mentally broadened.

Even as she elects her nominal subjects, she signs herself up for a course in New York life—a course which might be called applied metropology.

(In haste we turn to our dictionaries. Yes, we were right. There is no such word as "metropology." That is, there wasn't. But now there is. Miss Searle is quite nonchalant as she remarks, "Oh, yes—the college girl in New York just has to create new words with which to express herself. Her thoughts and emotions are far beyond all established vocabularies. My definition of metropology would be—the science of metropolitan existence, diurnal, nocturnal and Terpsichorean.")

Nowadays each college girl, anywhere, has her "complex." Only a very few have discovered Freud, and those who have, as a rule, dismiss him as a "nut," but they all have a common complex, just the same, when they reach New York. It is the "sightseeing complex." They form a distinctly unique group, several thousands of young persons, outside the parental eyeshot, the telephone number of the Madison avenue pastor not included in their notebook treasury of such things—and most of them still in their flapperhood, all determined to see what they can do to the country's largest and liveliest city while they have an unchaperoned chance at it.

(Surely this is an innocent "complex," and a harmless one. Also, it is delightfully explanatory. It is the same desire that actuates grave statesmen and political economists: only processes are different.)

Tackling their self-appointed jobs, the college girls have all the familiar earmarks of the amateur New Yorker—the card index state of mind, tabulatory of all experiences, and wholly conscientious of such matters as the Statue of Liberty and the Metropolitan Museum. Each college girl in New York knows that she must write, within two weeks after her arrival, to the Little Grey Home in the West, a full, emotional description of just what she felt like when she stood below Liberty's torch and looked out over the bay, and, within three weeks, a second letter describing in detail the Old Masters and the mummies in the museum. She knows that if she was remiss in this conventionality she would receive a polite note from the Madison avenue pastor, mentioning a letter from the minister at home and inviting her to come to tea.

(Miss Searle, it might seem, is just a bit flippant in her thoughts of the Madison avenue pastor. Surely he, the pastor, will forgive her that when he realizes that anyhow it was because of him and in honor to him that the college girl put the statue and the museum on her itinerary. His was, indeed, a great accomplishment and its result all that he really could hope for. Miss Searle continues:)

When she leaves the "Little Gray Home in the West" to go to be a college girl in New York.

Of course none of us can escape that curious feeling of littleness in the midst of mystery and grandeur that comes over any one and sobers us when we look out over the bay from the top of Miss Liberty or look into the case that displays some old Egyptian king. But, none the less, the following is the typical conversation in the foyer of a girls' dormitory the next morning:

"What say we go to a matinee this afternoon? We gotta take in a lot of plays and concerts and things while we're here."

"Yes, let's. And I just feel awful about not having been up the Woolworth tower yet."

"All right; let's tackle the tower together some forenoon when we're in the dumps and want to get up in the world."

"How about next Sunday afternoon—if it's open?"

"Nope; I'm going to spend all my Sunday afternoons from now on at the Metropolitan Museum and the Bronx Zoo and places like that. We ought to take them in, you know, regularly—awful lots to learn both places. And Sunday afternoons there's no place else to go. Want to sign up for a few trips?"

"New York men are all right. They know a lot, but they know what to tell us."

"Sure. But I wish I knew some actor or author or somebody who'd introduce us to some celebrity. I don't feel as though I've seen anything of this night life, and I really think we ought to. It should be so broadening, you know.

"Me too. Just that way. None of the cabarets I've been to are half as thrilling as the movies."

("Just what do you mean by 'thrilling,' Miss Searle?" the Editor asked, "Do you mean 'bad?'" "Oh, no, indeed!" she replied quickly, a little shocked. None of the cabarets to which any boy or man would take a college girl are bad. "You see, that's one of the first things the college girl in New York learns—that the boys and the men are all right—to college girls, anyway. The Madison Avenue pastor always says, 'Be careful,' but the college girl very seldom in New York finds it necessary. The New York men—and boys—all know an awful lot, but they divide their knowledge into two parts — that which they can share with the college girl who comes from the little gray home to their big town and that which they can't. Between you and me, that's what makes the college girl so sure of herself and so adventurous; she knows she is safe in the hands of the New York men—and boys. But there ought to be something thrilling in the night life the college girl can thrill about. And of course she wants to find it.")

So it is that almost any time the West 116th street hordes may be seen moving southward into the city bent upon the invasion of a Thousand and One realms. Their success, altogether, is phenomenal. Youthful, enthusiastic faces always are passports: flappers rush in safely where Astors fear to tread! The Columbians run like water into every crack and cranny, and almost any one of them may claim by the end of her first year a better all around knowledge of Little Old New York, as she indulgently learns to call it, than that possessed by the average native.

Talking over the Einstein theory and finance with the banker—when she goes back home.

The professors know the eagerness for thrills, and while the Madison Avenue pastor decries it the teachers take shrewd advantage of it. The pastor warns against the cabarets, so the college girl rushes to them. The professor senses the disappointment she experiences, and assigns as routine lessons numerous expeditions into "metropology," which he knows will assuage that disappointment.

New York is an inimitable laboratory, offering everything from a great financial district for the student of economics to one of the most thorough and spectacular slums that ever pined for the sociologist. Thus the university is represented everywhere: in the galleries of the Stock Exchange, on the benches of the night court, along the streets of the East Side.

Of course there's one particularly serious limitation—the necessity of living within one's income. For a student, having run through her allowance, has no one from whom to borrow except, perhaps, a roommate, who sometimes is just a couple of dollars further removed from insolvency than herself—and roommates have an annoying way of insisting upon short term transactions. However, when one is young there is a way out of any difficulty, even financial.

"Hocking," which as any one knows is "pawning," is even a more popular sport than hockey. When one watch and three balls are added the sum may be a thoroughly respectable and enjoyable evening—dinner at a place with table cloths, 10 or even 15 per cent. tips and. in the care of the boy, dancing or the theater later on. And small economies may always be practiced when one is alone; there are various devices for deceiving unsuspecting featherweight gates. And surely there is nothing wrong in looking a "yes" at the coeducational boy, even though he be unintroduced, who, in sizing one up at a chance meeting near the college, questions with his eyes "lunch with me?" or "time to dance a bit with a feed to follow?"

(But how about the college boys in their relation to the girls? the Editor asked of Miss Searle. "There is a relation, you know, for surely it is to the boy students the girls look for most of their romantic or merely interesting companionships. It would seem that the college girl familyless in New York would largely be in the hands of the coeducational boys—the sort, as above, who are prone to seek company to lunch or dancing partners with a 'feed to follow' when they are in funds.")

Oh—the boys! That is true, they do exist and have to be taken into account. Mostly they are in the way, but sometimes they are quite convenient. In their way they gather knowledge of the big city, too, and mold it to their own peculiar requirements—and of course the majority of their requirements encompass the college girl.

Just how great an amount of man about town information the Columbia male students master may be judged from a reading of the recently issued "Columbia Black and Blue Book," edited by "Contempt O'Cort," class of '24.

"You can have a thoroughly respectable wild time in the big city," writes Contempt, "if you really want to—that is, if you are provided with sufficient passwords. Assuming that some of your dates will be with debs, sub-debs or flappers, the following information is offered:

Where to Dance.

Biltmore—Cover charge $1. Crowd not collegiate, but amusing and given to the latest fashions both in dancing and sartorial effects. Closes promptly at 1 A. M.

Club Royal—Cover charge $2. Stenographers and millionaires. Closes about 2 A. M.

Montmartre—Cover charge $2. Frequented by debutantes and some who are not. Closes at 3 o'clock.

Ambassador Grill—Cover charge $1. Excellent place; still unknown by the bourgeoise. Closes at 1 o'clock.

Club de Vingt—Cover charge $1. Flappers predominate. Closes at 3 o'clock. (Formal.) Wear a small tie and be in the push.

Century Roof—Buy $2.75 seats. Won't close till you go home.

Midnight Frolic—Seats $5 and $7.50. Quite the knobs. See it once anyway. (Formal if you want a good seat). Take a good looking girl. Others will be too serious to be agreeable.

Afternoon Tea.

Plaza Grill—Very collegiate. Avoid taking taxi by traveling on bus if you know her that well. It's all right to bus it to the Plaza. They forget the taxi when they see the menu.

Lorraine—Same rates as Plaza. Favorite resort of tea hounds.

Biltmore—Cover charge $1. Further downtown and larger taxi bill, but you can't bus it.

Ritz-Carlton—The name is a decided advantage. Otherwise perfectly normal. Every girl wants to go there once. Trouble is they *all* make you think you're the "once."

So it is plain the college boys know several things or two for their own guidance and the content of the college girls. They, like the boys and men native to New York, know some things they do not share with the co-eds. That is all that makes them attractive at all to the girl from the little gray home, the air of mystery with which they surround their secret knowledge and the down deep in her heart certainty of the girl that she won't be able to probe that mystery no matter how hard she tries nor how provoked she appears to be at her failure.

And after a while Daughter goes back to the little gray home and is received by her grammar school classmates with acclaim and the minister congratulates her for the good impression she made upon the Madison Avenue Pastor, and mother and father coddle her and all the folk marvel at her ability to tell the home town banker where he "gets off at" if he starts an argument about municipal taxes or the Einstein theory, and the minister notices that the traveling salesmen who sit out in front of the hotel in the summertime doesn't try to flirt with her as she strolls down to the Post Office in the early evening; and the tabby cats stop gossiping when she drops in on their sewing circle and gets around to telling them of the really big things women may do in the world—in business, sociology, or even politics—if they will put their minds to it. Somehow she forgets all about the lesser phases of her "metropology" and remembers most keenly the Statue of Liberty and the Metropolitan and the Library.

How the Prize Fighter Slapped the Duke's Daughter

UNDOUBTEDLY it is bad form to slap a lady.

It positively is an ill mannered thing when the Lady is spelled with a capital letter, identifying the feminine person as a member of the nobility.

But when it comes to slapping the patrician face of the daughter of a Duke and Duchess—that is outside all the canons of good taste.

Yet there is one man who does not deny—in fact, he rather boasts of it—that he deliberately, with purpose aforethought and with carefully calculated aim and pressure, slapped the face of Lady Diana Manners, daughter of their graces the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; having slapped her face he choked her; having choked her, he pulled her hair; having pulled her hair, he doubled up his fists and swung a final blow at her, his aim being perfect.

Some years ago such an offense would have had an immediately disastrous result. The slappee would have risen from whatever recumbent position into which she would have fallen as the result of the blows aforesaid and would have haughtily denounced the slapper to the nearest henchman. The slapper would have been haled before the master of the Duke's body guard and, having been treated to a powerful dose of his own medicine, he would have been trundled off the walls into the moat and hit with pikes until he appeared on the surface of the water no longer.

A few years later he would have been sent to Bow street, there to learn his fate from a learned judge and then, having learned his fate, would have promptly enjoyed its fulfillment—a noose and the potter's field.

But it is on record, testified to by bystanders, that when Lady Diana, said to be the most beautiful young woman in Britain, rose from the ground onto which she had been so heartily slapped she smiled to the slapper and gave him her hand in graceful appreciation of the thoroughness with which she had been slapped, choked, mauled, hair pulled, &c.

The man was a pugilist by profession and training. He had been picked for the maltreatment of Lady Diana because he had large muscles and could slap a good hard slap. He weighed ninety pounds more than the peer's daughter, and it is said the fist with which he struck her his parting blow, properly doubled, was slightly larger than Lady Diana's neck. Which is surety for the thoroughness with which Lady Diana was mistreated.

This is how the pugilist, who was Victor McLagland, several kinds of a British champion with at least one bout with Mr. Dempsey to his account, describes the affair:

"First I caught Lady Diana by the wrist. She resisted me and screamed. She hissed at me 'Don't you dare, you big brute!' This of course angered me. I twisted her wrist until I saw bitter pain in her glorious eyes. She cried out at me and then I slapped her; first with one hand and then the other. This not subduing her I caught her by the throat and choked—not as hard as I could, else I would have killed her—but rather hard at that. I saw the red coming and then I caught her hair and pulled it. 'Pull it harder—harder—don't be afraid!' Lady Diana cried out, so I pulled almost as hard as I could. I was afraid some of it would come out—and it is indeed glorious hair.

"Then Lady Diana called out—'Get ready to hit me now, and hit me hard—it's time I fell.' So I drew back, doubled my fist and hit her. It was not as hard a blow as I hit at Jack Johnson, the colored champion of America, whom I fought in Vancouver in 1909, directly after he had won the championship, nor was it near as hard as some of the blows I landed on Dempsey when I met him in San Francisco two years ago. I succeeded both of those times in staggering my opponents. It did not take near as hard a blow to put Lady Diana on the ground. She was quite brave about it and just as she struck the ground, all crumpled up like a beautifully wounded fawn, she called up to me—'Ataboy, Vic—good work.' Yes, those are just her words—'Ataboy, Vic'—this daughter of a Duchess knows how to say just what she means in just the way she means it. I never before heard a lady of the realm say 'Ataboy.' I shall never forget it.

"She recovered consciousness in a moment or two and jumped to her feet smiling, lifting herself on my hand. She rubbed her neck rather ruefully with one hand and felt her cheeks with the other.

"'Do they hurt, Lady Diana?' I asked solicitously. I hoped they didn't, which was a different hope from the one I entertained when I hit Dempsey. 'Hurt? Sure they hurt!' she exclaimed. 'What do you think I'm made of, cast iron?'

"I didn't, of course, and apologized in the best language I could command—having never before spoken to the daughter of a Duchess. 'Forget it, Vic,' said Lady Diana, appropriating to her use a bit of American vernacular. 'Forget it, and if we have to do this scene over again don't be silly and afraid—pitch in and do a good job. I'm game.'

"For, of course, it was just a scene in her motion picture—a scene in which I, a rough man of the woods, was supposed to come upon the fragile lady of the castle, all sweet and pretty in her quaint medieval gown, sitting alone at the edge of a motion picture brook. I came upon her abruptly as soon as ordered to 'act' by the cinema director. We had rehearsed the scene several times, but I had never used a real slap.

"'Now don't think we are rehearsing, Vic,' Lady Diana said as I approached her at the call of the director—remember you're a brute and I'm afraid—and when you slap me make it ring.'

"Game, what? A regular fellow even if she is the daughter of a Duke and a Duchess. Yes, what?"

Modern Alchemy Changes Color of Gold

THE experiments of the chemist when they relate to the precious metal gold possess a peculiar interest, which recalls the mad search of the alchemists for some means of turning baser metals into the magic yellow one. The chemist of to-day does not waste his nights upon any such bootless labor, but the results he attains are sometimes, from a scientific point of view, as interesting almost as would have been the success of the alchemist of old.

A curious compound of gold and cadmium has been obtained. Cadmium, it will be remembered, is a rare metal found in zinc ores, and chemically closely resembling zinc. When heated in the air it takes fire and is reduced to a brown powder or oxide.

To produce the compound mentioned gold and cadmium are placed in a tube from which the air has been exhausted. The quantity of cadmium is three or four times that of gold. When the two are heated and then shaken together as they melt there comes a rapid change. The gold suddenly glows brilliantly and the combination of the metals is at that moment effected.

The heating is continued for several hours until all the surplus of cadmium has distilled off. The final result is a compound metallic mass, about two-thirds of which is gold.

It is light, silver gray in color and breaks easily with a crystalline fracture. When hot nitric or hydrochloric acid is poured upon it the gold resumes its original state and purity, while the cadmium passes into solution in the acid.

It is this protean readiness to change their color, their attributes and their relations under proper conditions and to resume their own character with magical suddenness when the conditions are altered again that makes the chemical elements so ceaselessly interesting to every inquiring mind. And it has frequently happened that experiments of this kind, whose results were simply curious, have led up to others of great practical importance to mankind.